

One of Us

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Summary: The Kill Ring scene done in Stoic's point of view, where happiness and joy turn into anger and fury. Rated K plus for minor violence. Kill Ring Scene being the one where Hiccup has to kill a dragon if you didn't know x

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"Hiccup! Hiccup!" The crowd chanted around the kill ring, Stoic smiled as he stepped up to the stage, to greet the crowd of Vikings waiting to see his son. _His son._ Kill a dragon. His first dragon. Stoic thought he'd never have seen the day. Yet here he was, watching as all the Vikings chanted his sons name in chorus.

"Well I can show my face in public again!" He started his speech, spreading his arms out to welcome the entire crowd. It was good Stoic had a booming voice so all these people could hear him above the chanting. They all laughed at his joke of Hiccup being shameful and an embarrassment, to being one of the most famous Vikings in Berk for his specialty of dragons or "way with the beasts" as his friend Gobber had put it. "If someone had told me that in a few short weeks Hiccup would go from, well, Hiccup," There was no other way to describe Hiccup before, he was just "Hiccup" the awkward teenager Viking. "To placing first in Dragon training." He made a one and held it up on his hand, as a way of showing off his son had beaten the rest of them. "Well, I would have tied him to a mast, and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad!" The crowd cheered once more, getting the joke about Hiccup behind it, "And you know it!" Stoic added, trying to think of what to say next. "But here we are." Stoic continued his speech, surprised by even his own words. He'd already pinched himself several times to check he wasn't dreaming. "Now no-one is more surprised or more proud than I am." The crowd went quiet, Stoic was proud of his son's achievement, if his wife was still alive he'd bet she'd be proud too. "Today my son become a Viking!" He raised his

fist in the air. "Today he becomes one of us!" He raised his fists in the air and the crowd of Vikings raised theirs with him.

He walked off stage and to a large chair with the best view of the arena, today especially he wanted the best view. His son slaying a dragon for the first time was something for Stoic to be excited about; he'd dared to dream it before. Now he was living it and he could not be more ecstatic. He already knew it was a Monstrous Nightmare, Gobber had told him he'd chosen that dragon specifically for Hiccup to really test the boy's strengths, though Stoic knew the Monstrous Nightmare had been the plan all along. Even if the girl, Astrid Hofferson, had won, she'd still have been the one against the Monstrous Nightmare. Though Stoic still was pleased to hear that when Gobber told him "Gobber was proud of Hiccup too evidently. Odin, everyone was.

Stoic inched forward when his son, wearing the helmet made from his mum's breastplate, stepped out into the arena and faced the crowd. He looked nervous, but he looked ready. That's all Stoic needed him to be "prepared to face a dragon. Prepare to face fear. He carefully analysed what Hiccup was getting. A shield was the first thing he got, good that would protect him. Stoic had missed exactly what it was Hiccup did yesterday, one minute he had a weapon, shield and helmet, next they were on the floor by the dragon.

Hiccup's choice of weapon was a small sword, out of all of the weapons he could choose, he chose the smallest, lightest one. Stoic was surprised, "I would have gone for the Hammer," He told his friend Gobber who had come up from the arena to him. Gobber seemed to nod lightly and Stoic looked back to the kill ring. He saw his son inhale and face the gate, he mumbled something and the blocks keeping the gate shut were lifted.

Out emerged a Monstrous Nightmare, already alight in flames, the crowd screamed with excitement while the dragon merely growled. The dragon chose to climb the gates and aim at the crowd, he then entered the centre of the dome and made contact with Hiccup, who walked away from the dragon. "Go on, Hiccup. Give it to him!" Shouted one of the Vikings. What was his plan of action? Run and wait for the Dragon to run out of breath? How exactly did Hiccup manage to excel in Dragon training so quickly? All questions would be answered now, thought Stoic. The thought made a smile plant itself on his face.

Stoic could only watch in surprise and worry as Hiccup dropped both his weapon and shield to the ground, now that was odd. "What is he doing?" thought Stoic aloud, he watched as Vikings either side of the ring looked in fury at Hiccup. Hiccup then proceeded to...talk to the dragon? The Dragon wouldn't listen to him, had Hiccup gone mad?

Hiccup then looked up at his father as he took off his helmet. His look was a plea almost, of understanding. Understanding of what though? "I'm not one of them." Hiccup shouted as he tossed his helmet to the side. Stoic stood up. Now Hiccup had taken the embarrassment too far. Now this was no longer a dream, but a nightmare. "Stop the fight." Stoic said, not looking at anyone around the arena. Only at Hiccup.

"No!" Hiccup protested, going back to the dragon. Hiccup had never refused in his life, Hiccup had always gone along with what his

father said. Obviously he'd snuck out the house when he wasn't supposed to, but this was different. This was Hiccup taking charge for once. Once Stoic really, really didn't want him to. "I need you all to see this." Stoic looked in worry as the dragon crept closer to his son, his son who had no protection from the dragon. His son who was shaming his tribe and his father. "They're not what we think they are." Hiccup continued, sticking out his hand to the dragon. "We don't have to kill them." Hiccup said in a serious tone, still keeping his arm out to the dragon.

What Stoic did next was part fury at his son for betraying him and making him look like a fool in front of the entire village and part worry that his son would be hurt by the vicious beast standing a metre away from him in the ring. "I said, stop the fight!" Stoic shouted, banging his hammer against one of the bars on the ring.

Hiccup screamed inside the ring as the dragon came to attack him. "Out of my way." He said, pushing Vikings out of the way, aiming to get to his son without looking at any of them. Ashamed and embarrassed he lifted up the gate to help his son and the girl, Astrid who had come from nowhere. Hiccup ran towards him, Stoic shouted daggers at him from his eyes. The Monstrous Nightmare then shot fire in front of Hiccup who had no choice but to run to the opposite end of the ring.

However, the dragon was too fast and trapped him under his claw. Astrid grabbed Stoic and shouted: "Listen to him!" Stoic pushed her to the side and was going to enter the ring to kill the dragon himself and save his son's life, not that he had much reason to. Most of the village now probably wanted him dead.

Then the unmistakable sound of a night fury came from nearby, sure enough Stoic looked to the side as a black beast shot purple fire at the ring. No. Not a night fury as well. Hiccup had to get out of there. Now.

Stoic hadn't been watching how the Night Fury protected Hiccup from the other Dragon, he only saw the Night fury fight off the other dragon and claim Hiccup as his kill. Stoic quickly grabbed an axe to his side, barely hearing Astrid's: "Stoic no!" and ignoring Hiccup's: "No, Dad he won't hurt you!" as he aimed for the beast.

Stoic then fought the dragon head on and ended with the Dragon on top of him, about to attack. Stoic felt consumed by fear and anger which amounted to one thing: fury. He had to kill this night fury. It was the only way to get his dignity back that hiccup had taken from him today. The Dragon looked to the side, Stoic wasn't sure what at and he took his opportunity. "Get him!" He shouted as he hit the Dragon's head with his axe.

Another Viking tore the Night Fury off of Stoic and it was then he saw his son's distraught face as he cried out: "Please don't hurt him," He looked away from his son, who was being held back by none other than Astrid, her words came back to him: "Listen to him!" Stoic sighed as he said: "Put it with the others." Then he marched up to his joke of a son.

End

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